The News-Herald.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1887.

HILLSBORO. : : : OHIO

MEAT FOR BABES.

Stuff the school children; fill up the heads of them;
Send them all lesson-full home to the beds of them.
Blackboard and exercise, problem and question;
Bother their young brains and spoil their digestion;
Stuff them with 'ologies, all they can smatter at;
Fill them with 'ometries, all they can batter at;
Crowd them with 'onomies, all they can chatter at;
When they are through with the labor and show of it,
What do they care for it, what do they know of it?

Feed them and cram them with all sorts of knowledges;
Rush them and push them through high schools and colleges;
Keep the hot kettle on, boiling and frothing;
Marks count for everything, death counts for nothing;
Rush them and push them while they've the will for it;
Knowledge is great, though many you kill for it;
Pile on the taxes to pay you the bill for it;
Urge them and press them to higher ambitions;
Heed not their minds' or their bodies' conditions.

Stick to the system you long have been cherishing,
Careless of those who are fading and perishing;
Strong meat for babes! is the age's last motto;
Drop the weak souls who can't learn as they ought to;
Feed them and fill them, no end to the worrying;
Push them and press them, no stop to the hurrying;
Parents at home will attend to the burying;
Strong meat for babes! is the motto of progress;
Knowledge a fiend is, ambition an ogress.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

AN AMERICAN LORD.

Baron Stiegel's Splendid Castle at Shaefferstown, Pa.

Going Through a Great Fortune—Festivities That Always Marked His Arrival at Thurm-Berg—Died an Obscure Schoolmaster.

Shaefferstown is a little village lying in the south of Lebanon County, Pa., with no special significance attaching to it. Nature has, however, surrounded it with beauteous outlines of landscape, and it nestles among hills, high and low, as if it aspired to nothing more than the sweet amenities of seclusion. It was originally settled by German Jews. In the first years of the eighteenth century they came here and, as if by some prearranged understanding of its great natural beauty and fitting advantages, they built themselves homes in the valley and became a community of most peculiar people. The accessions to this settlement became numerous, until it had gained the reputation far and wide of being the most unique and clannish colony that had found a home in this land. The synagogue that they built, and the paraphernalia of their imported rabbi, became a great attraction to the outside settlers, who often ventured into the worship of their Sabbath Day. In the year 1732 they already had constructed a grave-yard, built in with a heavy and substantial stone wall. The remains of it are pointed out to-day. About one-half mile south of Shaefferstown, close to the Lancaster road, it rests in a half-preserved but neglected state. The most adhesive cement and most expert masonry evidently were used, for the wintry blasts of more than one hundred and fifty years have not quite destroyed this relic.

But sudden and extraordinary as was the advent of this people, so was their departure. It was almost like a dream of a single night. As between sunrise and sunset the new town was deserted and no vestige of Israel remained save the dead that lay on the hill. Then Germans of another faith came—Lutherans and German Reformed, among whom was one Shaeffer, who, through influence and weatth, became the proprietor of the place, and also became the father of the little town. In 1745 it had no less than one hundred unassuming little houses, several stores and taverns, and in 1765 a bell of the Protestant faith rung out above a stone church whose tolling has never ceased.

But another more interesting historical fact gives dignity to the surroundings of this place. There is a lofty hill that frowns with its grim heights upon the little village from the south. It is styled the "Thurm-Berg," or Tower Hill. On that lofty eminence a certain William Henry Stiegel had erected a tower, or castle, and certain phases of its ruins can be noticed this day. There are those living who have a very correct representation of the odd structure, given them by former generations, but in the absence of better history a very fantastic mass of legends concerning its owner are extant. This German Baron was, however, a most eccentric man. He was altogether the most notorious figure in all that region around, and the many lavish and extraordinary expenditures in business enterprises and in the public gratification of his whims advertised him in the great social and mercantile centers of the cities. He had a most checkered career. He was a Baron in Europe. In America he apparently disrobed himself of the garb of a titled gentleman and launched into a busy life, spending money like a prince. He became an iron-master, a glass manufacturer, and even for awhile assumed the functions of a preacher, when later, through the changed vicissitudes of fortune, he acted the schoolmaster. His life, in the full detail of all its successes and adversities, it prodigalities of gayety and wealth and its pinched reverses of sadness and poverty, would make one of the most interesting romances in print.

Baron Stiegel had two magnificent palaces, and perhaps three. There is little more known about him in the traditions and histories of Shaefferstown than belongs to his tower and to the sudden visits to it. That tower may have served him all the purposes of an abode while here. But at Manheim, ten miles south of this place, he had built a beautiful mansion for himself. A little less than forty years ago the house was occupied by Mr. John Arndt, and there is no doubt but it is the same interesting relic to-day that it was then. A visit to this house might then have given a very correct insight into the luxuriant tastes of this old man. It is very materially changed, but enough of the decorations are preserved to satisfy the traveler that nowhere in the State could be found their equal. The walls of the various rooms were adorned with costly designs in the order of their importance. Some had scenery paintings heightened into most life-like perspectives of nature by the harmony of colors. Full-sized figures in the art of falconry were represented of the hunter on his chase and other such conceptions of baronial tastes. Tablets of china most ingeniously painted awakened curiosity; and the jambs in the house were not the least a study. The side-place of the doors and the side-pieces of the fire-hearths were of a most mechanical contrivance.

Though Baron Stiegel had this beautiful chateau at Manheim, he resided in Philadelphia most of his time. He was a lordly gentleman, and perhaps the very first citizen of that city to have the additional luxury of a country-seat. His family stood well in society, and it is altogether probable that if his tastes were so extravagant among the plain country people, that they would have had a greater vanity of display in the proud city. Anyhow, he made frequent excursions into the country to visit his country seat. Often he would go to look after his iron interests, and more especially to adjust matters in his glass manufactory at Manheim, also to examine into the progress of things on his farms and lands, but he came most frequently on mere pleasure excursions. He then was attended by a large company of his particular friends and a little band of expert servants. He traveled like a prince. Though it was altogether an ancient outfit, yet his livery was perfect. His ponderous vehicles were drawn by heavy arch-necked steeds, and his lackeys ministered to every want of man and beast. His coming was always looked forward to with joyful anticipations, both at Shaefferstown and Manheim, though it never was a certain arrangement. His advent was the occasion of a holiday and of feasting, and none of the employes were slighted in the festal celebration.

Now the use of these castles or towers come into play here. There were two of them—one erected at Shaefferstown, as already indicated, and another near Manheim. They were constructed of stone out of the mountains and occupied the loftiest spot of the whole range. The erection of them was entirely under the supervision of the Baron himself and when they had reached their completion one could see from their lofty outlook the country around for miles and miles. The weird-like stony structures upon those heights gave the quiet valleys below the apparent aspect of feudalism, but "Thurm-Berg," for its liberal and eccentric founder's sake, was the signal of hilarity and prosperity to the inland people. Those towers were mounted with cannon for the express purpose of firing a salute whenever the inflated nabob would make his appearance in the country. A watchman would observe his coming, and then from the mountain heights there would thunder the cannon's roar and all the inhabitants from near and far would startle to their feet and shout: "Baron Stiegel is coming!" They would rush out to view the pageantry upon the highway, and the lordly master would invite and welcome all to his tower.

At Manheim this salute created still greater excitement, for there was his palace and his little army of employes. It was a pleasant episode in the even rut of their lives, and the little village was as much astir upon that occasion as it would now be upon the arrival of the grandest menagerie. When the festivities on "Thurm-Berg" were gone through with, the equipages wended their way southward for Manheim. The furnaces were stopped and the glass houses were shut up for the one grand celebration of Stiegel's arrival. The workmen washed the soot from their faces, donned their best garments and took their musical instruments to repair to the castle and thence to the mansion. From the kitchen came up the steaming roasts and dishes of poultry, and from the cellar the finest brands of foreign drinks, and so, like in some palace of a Scottish chief, they sat down to the feast. As the wine poured out and the glasses clanked so incessantly, the toasts became most flattering to Stiegel's baronial hospitality. The instruments rang out sweet music in time-keeping to the whirling dancers, and every thing passed off as the highest entertainment to the jovial lord and his guests.

But even Stiegel's wealth was not unlimited, nor his business foresight altogether perfect. He lived quite beyond his means and failed. He even was imprisoned for debt. Before the Revolution of 1776 had even cut off his resources in Europe, a special act of December 24, 1774, was passed for his relief. But he never recovered. His towers stood as the castles of folly and all his former luxury mocked him. He died in obscurity when he graced no higher position than that of village schoolmaster.—*Philadelphia Times.*

USE OF QUOTATIONS.

The Authors to Which Mr. Lowell Alludes in His Harvard Speech.

Landor's opinion concerning the use of quotations, that "he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk," has not met with much practical support in the speeches of public men. Perhaps no one has ever given better proof of not holding the contrary opinion than Mr. Lowell in the speech he recently delivered to the Harvard students. In the course of his very interesting remarks he introduced direct verbal quotations from the Bible, from Donne Bishop Gollios, Euripides, Joseph de Maistre, Dante, Virgil, Wordsworth, George Herbert, Juvenal, Shakespeare, John Winthrop, Macchiavelli and Sir P. Sidney. In addition to his citations of *ipissiana verba*, the lecturer made allusive references to the works of Plato, Ruskin, Milton, Kant, Robert Boyle, Agassiz, Cotton, Mather, Gray, Coleridge, Montaigne, Scott, Heine, Matthew Arnold and Theocritus. Passing mention was also made of several other authors and scholars. Lucian's belief that a quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements or doubtful of his cause is clearly out of date; and there is no doubt that a proposition stamped with the authority of a great man carries more weight than it would if put into other words and given as a mere obiter dictum.—*St. James' Gazette.*

FEMININE FASHION.

Timely Information Presented in a Readable, Concentrated Form.

Very small pokes are worn by young ladies.

Yellow is a favorite color for elegant neglige toilets.

Frieze cloth is very popular for promenade jackets this season.

Plain velvets are more fashionable than brocaded for dressy wraps.

The newest English boas are of sable fur drawn together with a cord.

Wide-striped moine and satin, in dead or *mal* white, is a novelty for wedding dresses.

Style and comfort are combined in a large hood made of dark plush lined with satin.

Many of the new woolen goods show black grounds, with narrow silk stripes in light shades.

Steel embroidery, in combination with Labrador blue velvet, is seen on many of the new bonnets.

Striped silk and woolen goods are seen in every shade. Very elegant costumes are composed of them.

A new material for half-mourning has a black ground sprinkled with dots of white, and stripes of black satin.

Musquash, a brown-shaded fur, is to be used as trimmings for mantles and dresses. It is pretty and inexpensive.

A silky imitation of astrachan in shades of pink and blue is sometimes used as a decoration for evening dress.

Stylish Marquise jackets are of blue cloth, trimmed with mink and fastened with bronze buttons in old metal designs.

Newly-imported French bonnets show combinations of velvet and fur of the same shade. The fur is used only on the brim.

Gold embroidery and gold-beaded balls are used to decorate some of the new mantles of dark, many-toned matelasse brocade.

English and Spanish turbans, made entirely of plumage, the crowns covered entirely with fine feathers, are once more popular.

Plush tigre is a novelty. It shows tiger lines, which appear as stripes on a plain ground, or covering the entire width of the plush.

Some military-looking epaulettes reach from the collar to the shoulder points, and have hanging fringe that hangs over the sleeves.

Labrador blue is a new color, which will be used in both dark and light shades, the former for street, the latter for evening wear.

Collarettes made of several varieties of fur, and tied around the neck with a ribbon bow, fitting almost as closely as the collar of the dress, are sold by English dealers.

Basques of velvet are once more fashionable. Many otherwise serviceable costumes, with half-worn corsages, may be made as good as new by the addition of these basques.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

WAYS OF MARRYING.

The Inexpensive Elopement Compared With the Full-Dress Church Wedding.

There are seven separate and distinct ways in which the nuptial knot may be tied, the attending expense of the different modes varying from $1 to $1,000. The least expensive, and the one seldom adopted, except in cases of elopement, is that afforded by the justice's office. There a couple can be firmly united in the space of a minute for a small sum. It is customary for a groom to dress as he may please when the marriage is to be performed by a justice, and a dress-suit would be sadly out of place in the musty law-office. The one great advantage of the justice-shop marriage is its cheapness.

As some people object to being married by a justice of the peace, preferring the sanction of the church in addition to that of the law, the young people may visit a parsonage instead of a justice's office with the same preparation. The ceremony may be fully as informal when performed at the minister's home, the only difference being that not less than $3, and, better still, $5 or $10 should be paid for the service, although there is no fixed sum charged. The most popular ceremony among people who do not class themselves as in "society," and also among many who do, is a quiet home wedding, where the bride is attired in a suit of plain white or a traveling dress, and the groom in a plain black or brown business suit, where only a few friends or relatives are present. The affair is informal, perhaps a modest supper or lunch being served after the ceremony is performed, and the entire expense to the groom being covered by $20 or less. This is the most popular wedding ceremony, and this is the way in which fully twenty-five per cent. of the young people are married.

Next in point of favor and inexpensiveness is the informal church wedding, being similar in all things except that the service is performed within the portals of the church. If the affair is strictly private the bride and groom may be unsupported, or have bridesmaids and groomsmen, as they please. In the latter case full-dress suits should be worn, increasing the expense. The "full-dress wedding" as it may be called when the ceremony is performed at home, is next in favor. Elaborate trousseau, full-dress suits, bridesmaids and groomsmen, flowers in abundance, and a host of invited guests are the requisites, followed by a reception, feast, or lunch, as the contracting parties may desire.

The seventh and last, and most popular, is the full-dress affair performed in church. Among people who desire to create a stir in society this is the favorite. It is expensive and in many cases unsatisfactory.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

A New Species of Onion.

He was a nobby young man of blue blood and good financial backing, and as he sat down in the car he pulled out his handkerchief and gave his nose a princely wipe. An odor of perfume was wafted through the car, and a boy sitting beside his mother suddenly called out:

"Say, ma, why can't we buy onions which smell as nice as that?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Judge to the plaintiff—"Who was present when the defendant knocked you out?" Plaintiff—"I was."—*Chicago Herald.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHARLEY'S TRUMPET.

Charley's got a trumpet!
Everybody knows it,
"Toot, Toot!"

Makes a great sensation
Every time he blows it!
"Toot! Toot!"

Splendid noise it makes—
Don't you want to hear it?
"Toot! Toot!"

If you've got a headache
Don't you come too near it!
"Toot! Toot!"

Won't you stop and listen
Just for half a minute?
"Toot! Toot!"

Charley wants to show you
How much noise is in it!
"Toot! Toot!"

Nobody is sorry
Charley's going out!
"Toot! Toot!"

Chickens want to hear it
Very bad, no doubt,
"Toot! Toot!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

GOING TO THE NORTH POLE.

Bettie Wanted to Find Out Where They Cut the Moon Into Stars—Her Adventure.

"Take me, Hugh, take me."

"No, no, Dandy Bettie; we don't want any little ones where we're going."

Dandy Bettie was a fair, fluffy-haired damsel of four—a sweet, blue-eyed mite of a hot-house flower, come down from London to tarry awhile among her cousins in the country, to gain some of their strength and vigor. Hugh was her big, stalwart cousin of ten, almost a giant compared with the little lady, whose company he was rejecting in such ungentlemanly fashion.

"I'm not Dandy Bettie—you know I'm not; and I'm not even Bettie; mamma calls me Bethie, and so does auntie," lisped the small tongue, stumbling over the name, till it sounded very like that to which she objected.

"Well, that's what I said, *Bettie*," cried provoking Hugh, snapping his fingers at her, standing at the nursery door, as they all went rollicking away, and down the stairs, Hugh, Rosie, Jack, and Will.

But "Take me, take me," was what the mite pleaded, straying to the landing, as the lad halted on the topmost stair.

"No, no; Jack Snow would swallow up a chit of a girl like you."

"I'm not a chit; I'm ever so big," said small Bettie to this. "And where are you going?"

"Up to the North Pole, perhaps."

Ah, Hugh, why not keep to the simple truth?

"And where is that?"

"Oh! a rare jolly place, where 'tis said they cut up the old moons and make stars of them."

"Then, take me, Hugh, take me."

"Nonsense! stay and talk to Tibbie."

Ah! well, they were gone—kindly, boyish, unthinking Hugh, Bettie's favorite, and all; romping out into the white snowy world; and this is what they were bent on doing—making a monster snowball, which should astonish all the simple grown-up folk, who somewhat slighted snowy weather, with its attendant unpleasantness.

"Oh, I wish I could go to the North Pole!" sighed little lonely Bettie, going back to the silent nursery. Not even nurse was there, for she was below stairs somewhere. Tibbie was there, and told her wee mistress, as well as she could, that she would like some milk. So down toddled the kind-hearted little soul to the kitchen, and fetched her a cupful, all by herself, as she told Mistress Pussy, and that North Pole scheme came back again.

"Cutting up old moons into stars—and, oh! I should like a pretty star, all my own, to hold in my hand, and I'm sure they'd give me one." Who *they* were was very vague in the child's mind, but soon her scraps of thought took shape and form—"and I'll go," quoth she to pussy, sitting purring by her side. "I'll go all by myself, and if they give me a pretty, wee, twinkling star, you shall wear it, Tibbie, when your good, hung round your neck; and now I'll go."

Trip-trot—a sweet little sunbeam, she stole down the stairs, and out in the snowy world and the red afternoon sunlight. And while she tripped and mused out her thoughts, the monster snowball grew apace, for many hands make light work, and merrily and quickly goes play-work, all the world over.

"I say," quoth Jack to Hugh, as the moments flew by like fleeting motes of pleasure, "I do believe there's Dandy Bettie out there, toiling along like a little brick."

"Nonsense!" said Hugh, shading his eyes with his hands, to peer in the direction to which the other pointed; "no, it can't be she—they'd not let her out alone; it must be some other little chit of a girl; no, it can't be she."

"Oh! I do *fink* there's Hugh and all of them down there," soliloquised Bettie, espying the busy group from afar; "but no, it can't be they, for they're not making stars—no, what are they doing?" Ah! Bettie, well if you had gone to see.

But no, the sweet, golden lights of sunset lured her on, reflecting on before, "as if they were making stars there," so she said, when that had happened which could not be recalled.

"Well, little maid, where are you bound for?" asked a gruff voice at her side, a dark face spying down at her, a tall man's figure casting a shadow by the side of her dainty one.

"I ain't bound," objected Bettie, a little quiver of fear in her voice; I'm going to the North Pole."

"Ah! a jolly place that," observed the man, stalking beside her.

"That's what Hugh said, and I *fink* 'tis, cause they make stars there," lisped the silvery tongue of the child.

"Well, and what then?" questioned the man.

"When I get there, I'll ask them to give me a star to hang round Tibbie's neck."

"Ah! when you gets there."

"Is it far?" lisped Bettie, her childish ear detecting a something in the man's tone she hardly liked.

"No, not far, and I'm going the same way."

"Then, will you take me? Then, when I've got my star, Hugh wouldn't mind—he's there, you know, and Rosie, and Jack, and Will—Hugh 'd not mind bringing me back."

"Yes, he'd bring you back, and I'll take you there." With this the man clasped the child's hand in his, and they trudged on together. And there was a cart coming along the same way.

"Do you know Hugh?" questioned Bettie.

"No, I can't say as I do."

"He's my cousin, and big, ever so big, and—don't you like me?" questioned the pleading little voice. Ah! what did the innocent blue eyes of the child read in those dark ones peering down at her?

"Oh, yes; I think ye're a nice little girl."

How the little reluctant hand tried to withdraw itself from the grasp of the other!

"No, no, dear, ye're going to the North Pole, ye know, to get a star—here, let me carry ye."

Up he took the small, dainty mite, who quivered like some poor captive bird in a strange hand, not knowing whether it is in the clutches of friend or foe.

"I'm not your little girl, lisped she, right bravely in her fright. I'm mamma's, and auntie's."

"Yes, mamma's and auntie's little girl, going to the North Pole along o' me;" and now the lumbering cart came stealing up over the snowy ground.

"Sally!" called the man, and then out came a woman's head therefrom.

"Here's a little girl going to the North Pole, and I'm going to take her there; have her in along of you."

"No, no; I don't want to wide, I want to walk all by myself," was all the protest poor Bettie could make.

She clung to the man in her fear, not because she trusted him; no, because—because—ah! she was within the covered cart, where sat two little boys, who grinned at her almost from ear to ear. The woman bade her hush her long, shrill cries in a tone which made her cower down, like some small animal caught in a trap. Meanwhile, the cart jogged away over the snowy road among the red sunbeams.

The snowball had grown to its monster dimensions, and now came the mighty deed of rolling it; this they did to the impromptu chorus:

"Push on, push up, roll away;
Three cheers for another snowy day,"

the echo thereof straying away, to mingle with the rumble of the cart, along the snowy road. Ah! the day's triumphs were over, so they left their mighty trophy behind—all those rollicking boys and girls, and went trooping home.

"Where is Bettie?" asked mamma, meeting her party in the hall.

"We don't know, we haven't got her, mamma," spoke Hugh, who was always looked upon as her guardian.

"She is not in the house," was the startling reply.

"Then that was her I saw," cried Jack, too much in earnest to think about his grammar.

"Yes," quoth Hugh, now in the grip of conscience, and away started the lads to find her.

The boys knew where they had seen her, like a little dot among the sunshine, and they were soon there, rushing along the road, where the track of the cart still lay. Their companions joined them as they passed through the village.

There, what was that, on in front? A cart—on they went like the wind.

"Master, have you seen a little girl in your way?" asked Hugh of him who drove.

"No, little girls ain't in my way;" and he whipped up his horse to a trot.

"Yes, he's seen me, Hugh. Hugh! Hugh!" cried a strained little voice from within the cart. And the boys heard.

"Why, you've got her yourself!" said Hugh.

"I've got no little girl; get out of my way, or I'll flog and drive over the whole lot of yer," was the retort, as they clustered around the horse and cart like bees.

"I'll not get out," spoke staunch Hugh. "Bettie, scream again." But no; there was no response—not even a sob. "Well, we'll follow you to town and have the cart searched," threatened Hugh, strong in numbers, if not in real physical force; and so they did, like a body-guard, alongside the rumbling cart.

But not to town though; the man knew better than to play the game out; he gave the child up to the clamoring band, among the falling shadows, and drove off, glad to be free of them.

"Hugh, my boy," said mamma, after Bettie had been in bed a week with a cold, from getting her feet wet in the snow, "when you deceive or slight children, is it not like setting aside a command of Him who was once a boy among them, and who said: "'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones?'"—*Little Folks.*

Laws Regulating Doctors.

The Russians are not in all respects a nation to be imitated, but there are some things we might learn even from them. For instance, a Russian doctor who fails to attend a patient when called upon to do so commits a legal offense, the punishment for which is a fine varying from five to one hundred rubles, or, in a case of gravity, a term of three months' imprisonment. This is a much better means of keeping a medical man up to the mark, where the patient is not a "paying" one, than the remote prospect of an inquest before a medical coroner. I observe, too, that in Russia medical fees are regulated by law, which is also not a bad idea.—*London Truth.*

—What is one man's bread is another man's poison is illustrated in the presence of one of General Boulanger's officers in this country making a tour of observation among the arms manufacturers. Americans control the patent and manufacture of ingenious machines for boring gun barrels, and of these General Boulanger's agent will purchase several.

—Frank Davis was recently sentenced to sixty days in the jail at San Francisco, Cal., for stealing a small sum of money, and when left alone in his cell for the night butted his head against the wall so often that he died the next day of concussion of the brain.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

THE Board of School Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of Applicants for Certificates will take place in the Hillsboro Union School building on the first Saturday of every month, and on the third Saturday of February, March, April, August, September and October. The Examination fee prescribed by law is 50 cents. By order of the Board.
au28y1 E. G. SMITH, Clerk.